

Soul Survivor II: Be Alone Tonight

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Summary: Mac begins her vigil over Harm. Alternate Universe

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> by Arriall <p> -- You can E-mail me at skyfox@interlog.com --
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-- Rating: PG-13 --

-- Summary: Mac begins her vigil over Harm. Alternate
> universe. Please: this will make more sense if you read
 "Soul
Survivor I" first. Thanks. --

-- Disclaimer: The characters included in this story belong
> to their creators (Belasario, et al) and the current

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> borrowing them, no money is being made from the
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> the author. -- <p>

-- Author's Note: Title and inspiration from "Bridges Over
> Borders" - Spoons [Be Alone Tonight written by Gord Deppe]
 Hope
that this does not disappoint. --

~~~~~

It had been a long rough ride in the ambulance.

Mac hopped out the back door on the heels of the  
> ambulance attendant. Standing back out of the way, she<br> watched  
him and his partner carefully remove the stretcher.

> She did not understand most of what they called out to the  
medical personnel that came to meet them, but she heard the  
> word 'surgery' and knew that it was serious. <p>

The attendant and a hospital orderly wheeled Harm  
> quickly through the doorway. A man pushing a very pregnant  
in a wheel chair cut in front of Mac and rushed inside,  
> nearly knocking over an elderly couple on their way out. The  
old woman stopped and watched them pass, turning with a smile on  
> her face. The man patted her on the hand and smiled back at  
her.

Mac waited impatiently for the couple to move out of the  
> way. As she stepped forward to enter, the doors slid closed. <br>  
She walked right up to them and they did not open. The  
> corridor inside was frustratingly empty. She looked around  
but there was only the couple walking slowly away.

"Damn!"

She tried to slam her fist against the door but it  
> passed right through. She jumped back in surprise, staring  
at the door. Tentatively, she reached out to touch it. Her  
> palm pressed against the solid glass. She pushed harder and  
still nothing happened.

Mac groaned. 'I need to get inside,' she thought,  
> leaning her forehead against her hand. 'I have to find Harm.  
. . '

Suddenly she felt herself falling forward, her arms  
> flailing helplessly. She landed hard on the floor inside - a  
corner of her mind considered it strange that she did not  
> hurt. Mac turned slowly, the door was still very much  
closed. Getting up carefully, she reached out and pressed  
> her hand against the solid glass again. She remembered  
Angelico's warning - 'You will be able to do things that you  
> could not before - do not abuse those privileges.' Mac  
pressed harder on the door and nothing happened.

She frowned and shrugged. "I don't have time for this  
> right now. I have to find Harm." <p>

A quick walk down the hall brought her to a busy waiting  
> room. Apparently, their's was not the only accident caused  
by the weather. It seemed that most of the other patients  
> had been a lot luckier than them - a broken arm seemed to be  
the worst case.

Mac went to the Nurse's station. A tall dark-haired  
> woman was typing on the computer. She looked up as Mac  
approached.

"Excuse me. . . ." Mac realized the nurse was looking  
> past her. So she tried again. "I'm looking for a man who  
just brought in."

The nurse smiled. "Can I help you?"

Mac was getting a little annoyed. "Yes. I'm looking

> for. . . ." <p>

She was interrupted by another speaker. Turning her  
> head slightly, she could see a large man coming up to the<br>  
counter. She stepped quickly to the side as he would have  
> walked into her. <p>

"Hey!"

He ignored her as well and spoke to the nurse.

"Damn." She ran a hand through her hair. Angelico had  
> said that people could see her if they believed. She walked<br>  
into the room and looked around at the people sitting there.

"Can anyone help me?"

Not one person even glanced in her direction. She  
> sighed - being dead was going to be a big problem. <p>

> Three hours, thirty-seven minutes. . . . <p>

It took Mac an hour and a half to finally locate Harm.  
> She had been in nearly every room in the emergency when she<br>  
overheard an orderly talking about taking the Navy guy into  
> post-op. <p>

She stood in the door way, leaning against the frame for  
> support. Her hand trembled as she pressed it against her<br> mouth.  
Tears formed in her eyes. He looked so fragile  
> swathed in bandages; tubes and wires running from machines<br>  
around him. The bruising on his forehead and temple stood  
> out vividly against his pale skin. There was no sign of his<br>  
dark hair - his head was wrapped in white. One of his legs  
> was up in traction, but both were in casts. <p>

Mac walked slowly over to the bed, reaching out  
> tentatively. His skin felt hot and clammy to her touch. She<br>  
stared at her hand on his forehead. She could feel the heat  
> of his body, but she did not feel pain when she fell. She<br> was  
confused and feeling very lonely.

She noticed a chair in the corner of the room near the  
> door. She curled up into it and started her vigil over Harm. <br>  
Someone out there had threatened to kill the man in the bed  
> and she vowed that they would not succeed - even if she did<br> not  
know how she was going to stop them.

> Seven hours, twelve minutes. . . . <p>

Mac turned in the chair again, trying to get  
> comfortable. She knew that she was not really uncomfortable,<br>  
but something just did not feel right. She stared at the  
> monitors - just as she had been staring at them for hours. <br> The  
constant beeping was starting to wear on her nerves.

The only break had been half an hour ago, when they had  
> brought another patient in. With a sigh, Mac got up and<br>

wandered over to check on him. He looked to be in his late  
> sixties. He was also attached to an array of equipment that<br>  
beeped and flashed in their own pattern.

She was about to turn away when he opened his eyes and  
> looked up at her. He smiled. She was startled, but smiled<br> back.

"Can I get you anything?" She realized how silly the  
> words were as soon as she said them. <p>

Suddenly one of the machines emitted a loud monotonous  
> tone. Mac looked up startled. Two nurses came into the room<br> at  
full speed. She could hear the PA calling for a 'crash  
> cart' in post-op. One nurse pulled the curtain between the<br> two  
beds. Mac moved back - to the foot of Harm's bed.

A doctor came in and started barking orders. The two  
> nurses followed his instructions quickly. The doctor was<br>  
standing on the edge of the bed applying CPR to the man.

"Help me!"

Mac heard the cry and looked around.

"Please God, help me!"

She recognized the sound of fear in the voice. She  
> walked over to the bottom of the bed and looked at the man. <br>  
She could see him looking at her, his eyes frantic with fear,  
> and heard herself speak. <p>

"It's alright. You have nothing to be afraid of."

She moved around his bed to stand beside him. Smiling  
> down at him, she placed her hand on top of his. <p>

"Sarah."

Mac looked up and met Angelico's eyes. She felt the  
> same warm feeling sweep over her. Her glance shot over to<br> Harm,  
but none of his monitors had changed from their regular  
> rhythm. <p>

"No. . . I have come for Mr. Walden." Angelico smiled  
> at the man in the bed. "Thank you for taking care of him,<br>  
Sarah."

"We're losing him."

The doctor yelled, "Clear!" Everyone moved back from  
> the bed and he pressed the buttons on the paddles he held<br>  
against Mr. Walden's chest.

Angelico held out his hand to the older man. Mac  
> recognized the flash of white light. She turned to face Mr.<br>  
Walden. The man took her hand.

"Thank you, Sarah. Thanks for being here. I was so  
> afraid that I was alone." <p>

Mac smiled.

The doctor stood back and sighed. He looked at the  
> clock. "I'm calling this. The time is two-forty." <p>

Angelico spoke softly, "We have to go now, Mr. Walden."

The older man looked at him and nodded.

The younger man smiled at Mac. "You have a knack for  
> this, Sarah. Maybe you should take it up." <p>

Mac wrinkled her nose and smiled back. "I don't like  
> hospitals." <p>

Angelico chuckled. "A hint, Sarah: concentrate."

He turned and, in another flash, the two disappeared.

Mac could not look at the bed. She skirted the foot of  
> it and went to stand beside Harm. Leaning over she whispered<br> in  
his ear.

"Com'on, fly-boy. Angelico says it's not your time. So  
> you better wake up and stop goofing off." <p>

finis. . .

End  
file.